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DAREDEVIL



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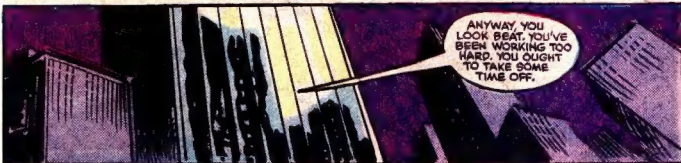
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WHILE...

REALLY DUMB,
FALLING ASLEEP LIKE
THAT. IF FOGGY HAD BEEN
AN ENEMY--OR EVEN A
COMMON MUGGER--
I'D'VE BEEN IN DEEP
TROUBLE.



I'M BEAT.



MY PLANE
LEAVES IN LESS
THAN TEN HOURS.
I'D BETTER HEAD
HOME AND TRY
TO CATCH SOME
SLEEP.



--AND HOPE I DON'T
HAVE ANY MORE
DREAMS...AT LEAST
NOT OF BULLSEYE
AND WHAT HE MIGHT
BECOME IF THOSE
JAPANESE SURGEONS
PUT HIM BACK TO-
GETHER AGAIN.

AND WHAT
HE MIGHT
DO TO ME.



NOT MUCH TRAFFIC.
NOT LIKELY I'LL GET
A CAB AT THIS HOUR.



OH WELL,
THE WALK
WON'T HURT
ME.





BRRR-RRRINGG!



AND--

THE DOC SAYS YOU'RE LUCKY, MATT. AS FAR AS HE CAN TELL--



CAN I GET YOU
ANYTHING, MR. MURDOCK?
COFFEE, TEA--



-- A SOFT
DRINK,
PERHAPS?

NOTHING, THANKS.
I'D JUST LIKE TO
REST...

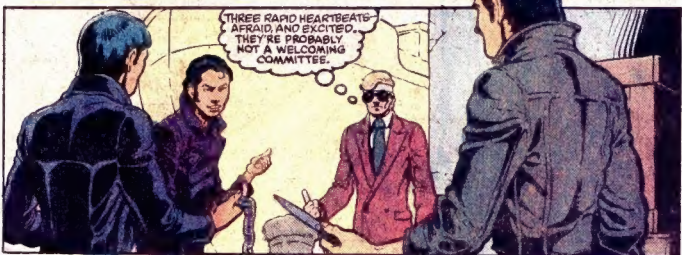
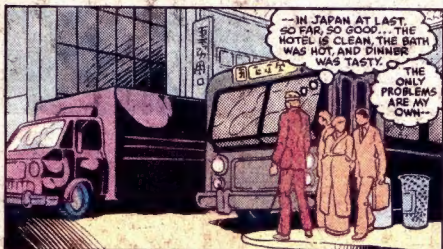
... REST, YES, AND LET THE
TUMOR OF THE ENGINES
SOMEHOW BECOME ONE WITH
THE ACHE IN HIS HEAD AND
SLIP BACK ALONG A STREAM
OF MEMORY...

... TO THE FREAK ACCIDENT
THAT ROBBED HIM OF HIS
SIGHT AND AT THE SAME TIME
GAVE HIM HIS EXTRAORDINARY
POWERS-- A SINGLE, SEARING
INSTANT THAT SHAPED HIS
DESTINY...

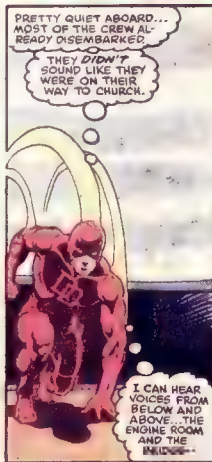
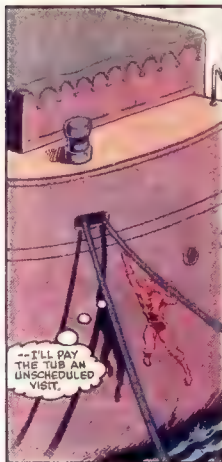
... TO TENDER MOMENTS
WITH HIS SAVAGE
BELOVED, ELEKTRA ...

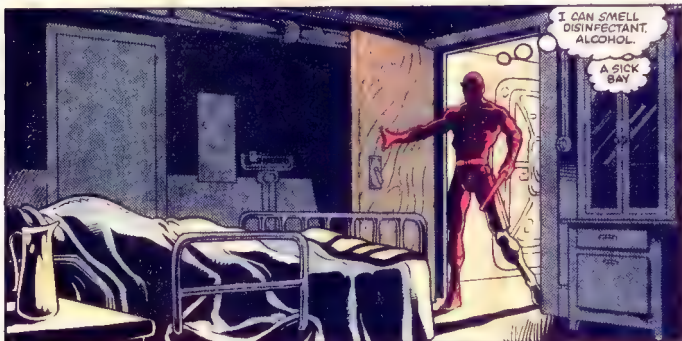
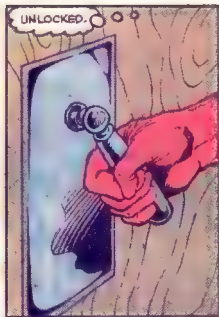
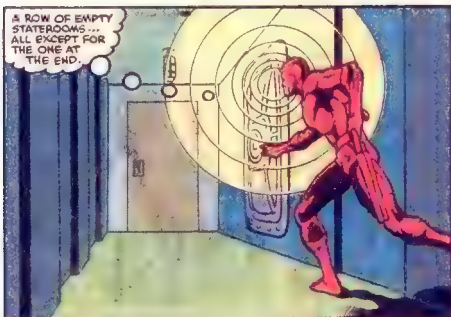
... HER DEATH
AT THE HANDS
OF BULLSEYE...

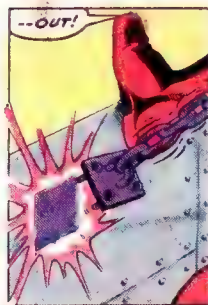
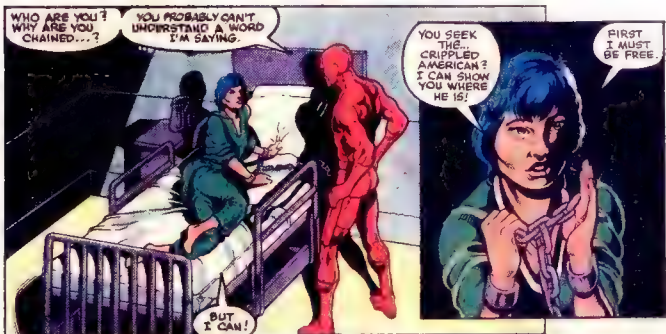
... AND THE TREMOR IN BULLSEYE'S
FINGERS AS HE REALIZED HE
COULD NO LONGER MAINTAIN HIS
GRASP AND HE BEGAN THE FALL
WHICH WOULD LEAVE HIM SHATTERED
AND HELPLESS...

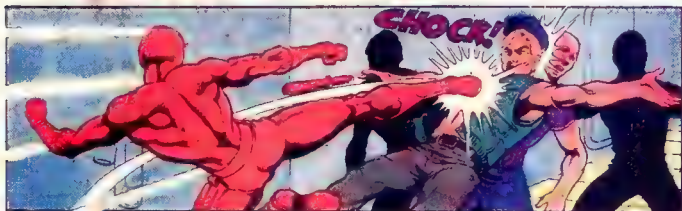
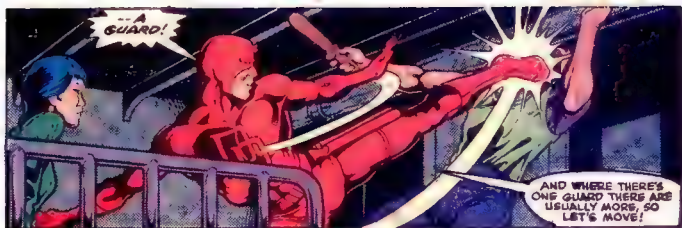


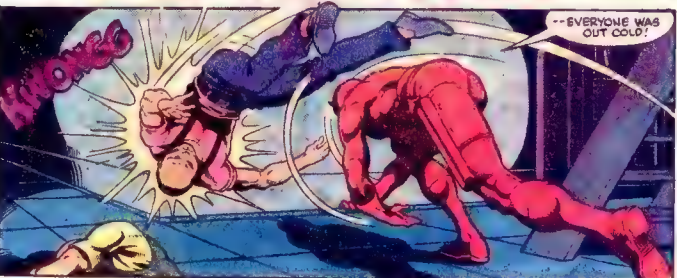
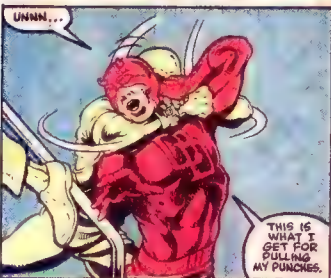


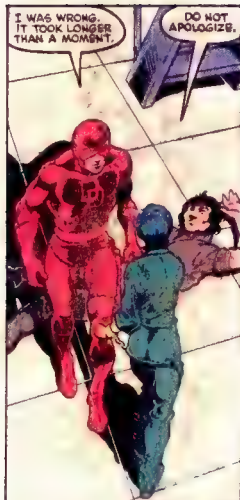


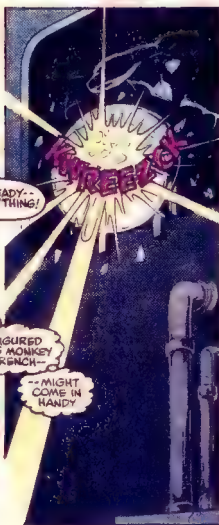


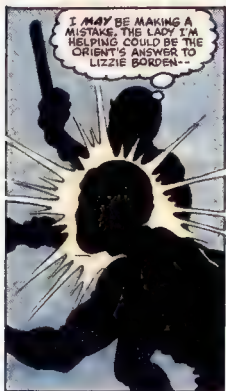
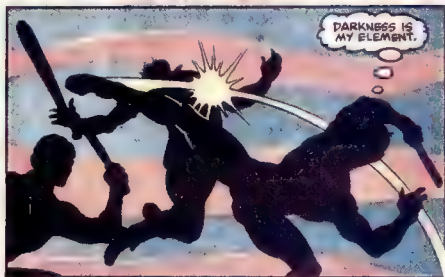
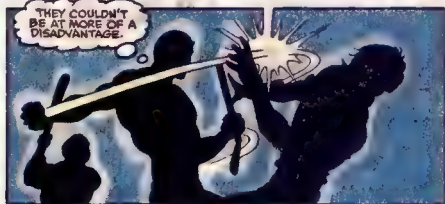


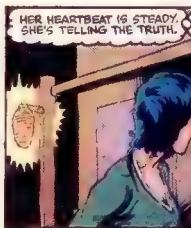


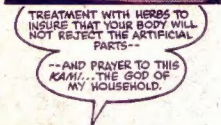
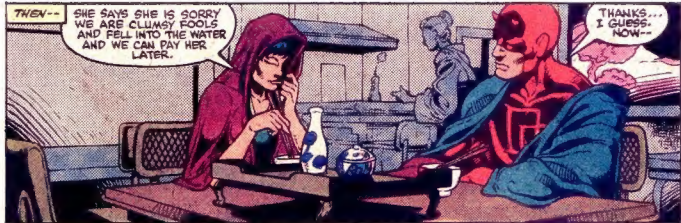


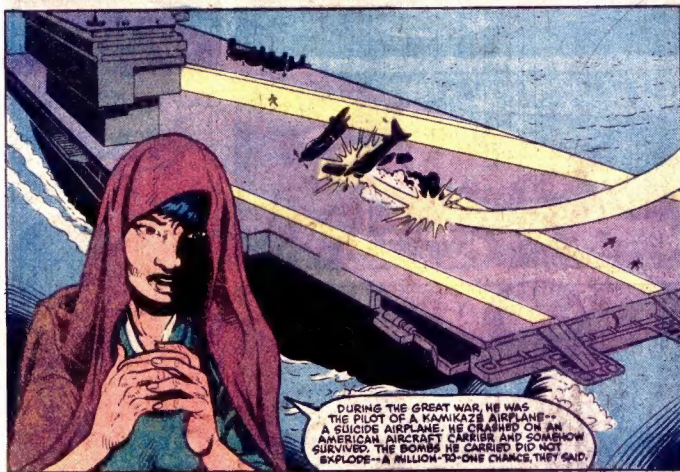


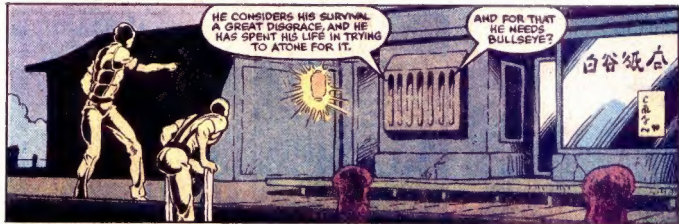


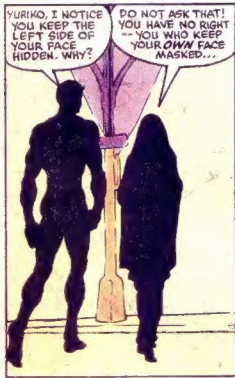












BE HERE IN 30 DAYS FOR
"TOUCH OF A STRANGER!"